

Poetry.

Doomed.

They tell her that the seal of Death
Is stamped upon her brow,
And that Consumption's icy arms
Are round her even now.
She laughs not the idle tale;
Her blush is just as light;
For see! her cheek has not grown pale—
Her eye was never so bright.
'Tis only languor that she feels;
She cannot call it pain;
And when the lovely summer comes
She will be well again.
She knows not 'tis the fever fiend
That paints her cheek with rose,
Nor dreams decay has lit the light
That in her bright eye glows.
At last the wished-for summer air
Touches her brow, but brings
No long expected health to her
Upon its scented wings.
But thinner grows the crimson cheek,
Deeper the lustrous eye;
She bows her head in silence meek;
She knows that she must die.
And thus she faded, day by day,
And when the Summer fell,
And Autumn's bright leaves fell, she lay
Still beautiful—but dead!

Communications.

For the Iredell Express.

Notes on the "Far West."

As I heretofore promised, I will say something of the "Far West," if you can spare room in the "Express." It will no doubt be of interest to some of the readers of your paper, to hear something of the character of Western Texas. Being located for some time in Eastern Texas, I knew but little of the character of the soil, of the price of land, &c., &c.; but having in view a trip farther west, we (a company of five) procured a commodious "carry-all," with two good mules and one saddle horse, and prepared for a tour through the State. I would here remark, that persons coming to Texas to explore the country, would do well to procure a conveyance of this kind. It is much cheaper and more pleasant, while it has all the advantages of leisure, of examining the country, and of sport, to those who relish such.

Our company consisted of Doctors Neal and Blackwell, Mr. Woodson, Cain, and myself, all in search of information, recreation, and pleasure. We prepared the necessary articles for camping, and having all things together, we left on the 6th of June.

This county (Harrison) is a border county, and not remarkable for the richness of its soil, except that portion which lies on the Sabine river. In comparison with lands in North Carolina, we would class it very fine. No one coming to this part of the State would think it a new country, it being thickly settled and well cultivated. Land here sells for ten to twelve dollars per acre; being nearer to market makes it more valuable.—Eastern Texas is well watered, particularly the border counties, and in some places as far out as the Trinity river. Through Harrison county is the great thoroughfare for emigrants from "the States," and it would astonish any one to know the number of persons that pass through in one year. The whole State, as far as I have traveled, is furnished with stage lines and hacks, which are nearly always crowded with passengers, mostly explorers "looking at the country." Some stage contractors are making fortunes by their lines, for their prices are exorbitant.

Well, to our wagon. Our first day's travel was to Marshall, the county seat, the largest village in Eastern Texas. We here had the opportunity of hearing the candidates for Congress give their views on various questions. The main question is the opening of the African slave trade, which is certainly a Don Quixote image. The contest is not likely to be a close one, as we are nearly all Democrats. A great deal of business is transacted at Marshall; many persons have made fortunes here, and many lost them.—We spent the night here dreaming of deer, turkey, and buffalo, and the great sport we would have in Nimrod's profession. We were on the road early the next morning, and as the day advanced our apprehensions were realized, that the season was too warm to see much pleasure in traveling. The sun seems to shine here with more power, than in the same latitude in South Carolina—Charleston. We traveled over land the first and second days, that did not recommend itself for richness. The country through Smith and Rusk counties is very broken, and the soil mostly sandy. There

are some excellent lands in these and also Van Zandt county, but they are generally on or near water courses. Tyler, the county seat of Smith, is a flourishing village, and, no doubt, will be a town of some distinction when the Pacific railroad reaches that point.—The federal court was in session, and many persons were on the streets. It has become very dry and dusty, and we find it necessary to call a halt by some cool spring, where, upon our blankets in the cool shade, we pass two or three hours during the warmest portion of the day. Henderson county, at least that portion over which we traveled, is by no means very enticing. A great portion is half prairie, with low shrubby bushes—others flat and covered with post oak, large but not tall. The grass is very good in the western part of it, and here we saw the first herd of deer. This gave the sporting portion of our company some encouragement, for like most of persons who come to Texas, we expected to see them at every turn of the road, and shoot them at any time. On the next day I realized my great desire, for at the distance of sixty yards I stood and shot down a beautiful deer, the first wild one I ever had seen. I know not how it affects others, but when I went up to it and beheld such a beautiful, harmless animal in the agonies of death, I regretted that I had perpetrated the deed. From this time we seldom camped without fresh meat—either venison, turkey, or prairie-chickens.

We at length found ourselves in the bottom lands of the Trinity river. I could not, with adequate justice, describe the richness of its soil; sufficient to say, that there are no lands richer. We traveled some two or three miles in this bottom, which in the winter season must be nearly impassable, when we arrived at the river. It was surprisingly low, but beautiful and clear. This rich and everlasting soil of the Trinity is useless and of no profit to the farmer, being subject to repeated overflows. We could scarcely credit the high water marks pointed out to us. Halting upon the bank of the river, we indulged in one of the finest baths I ever experienced. The pleasure was so great that we lost sight of future consequences, and were severely sunburnt, which was a source of great annoyance afterwards. We were now upon the borders of the vast prairies, which as yet we had never beheld, and we were all anxious to go ahead. Our route brought us suddenly into these plains, and the effect was almost electric to us all. It seemed that nature had for some purpose changed her plans and provided for the grazing tribes one boundless field of grass. As far as the eye could see in a westerly course, was to me apparently a barren country, specked over with numerous herds of cattle. The change was most pleasant. Coming from the sultry timber land, while the thermometer was at 92°, we here met with a welcome breeze, which, like the water from the smitten rock, followed us wherever we went until we again struck the timber country. Here is a mystery shut up in the archives of unrecorded events, which the knowledge of man will never be able to reveal. A Dick may speculate, a Miller dig and mineralize, but none can satisfactorily answer the question, What caused these untimbered plains? On the highest points we find small smooth stones, and in other places particles of shells, which indicate that the ocean here once held its sway. We now unbuckled our firearms, for we found plenty of prairie chickens. They are near the size of our common hen, and answer well to the pheasant of North Carolina. They have nearly the movements of the partridge, and make the prettiest shot of any other bird. We killed numbers from our carriage. We found the prairie roads good, and could travel with ease and speed.—From this time we had not to provide for our mules; being lettried out, they got all they wished. Very frequently they will leave their corn or oats and eat the luxuriant grass. The cattle seemed to be in the best condition, and as fat as bees are generally found. This season has produced a better crop of grass than usual.—These high rolling prairies are not generally so rich as others, but they are as good as any lands I have yet seen in my native State, North Carolina. The soil is generally black, but neither clayey or sandy, but seems to be a

cross of the two. The season was a good one to see the products upon the ground. Wheat was already reaped, and oats were being gathered, while the cornfields presented a prospect of unmeasured bushels. The water now began to be of the limestone nature, but not disagreeable.

The Trinity separates Henderson from Navarro, and twenty miles from the river we came to this place, Corsicana. It is situated on the prairie, but adjoins some timber land which borders on a water course. The people here seemed to be rather indolent and careless. The chief and ruling topic was politics, which sometimes is characteristic of an idle people. Here I learned that Hon. Sam. Houston was a candidate again for Governor, but with what prospects I cannot predict. A new house of justice is now under way, the former one having been burnt by the famous Jo Meadows, who was outlawed and recently shot down. It is a long distance to market from this place, it being necessary to go two hundred miles. It is strange that they get their produce to market as cheap as those living only fifty miles off. Many teamsters will haul cotton this distance for one dollar per hundred weight, and yet they report that they realize a profit.

VIATOR.

Corsicana, Texas, July 15.

Miscellaneous.

(Correspondence of the New York Times.)

The Battle of Solferino.

CASIGLIONE, ITALY, Friday Night, June 24, 1859.

I came from Brescia early this morning, and arrived just in time to witness the last half of what I have very little doubt will turn out to have been the greatest battle the modern world has seen. You will get the official summary of its results by telegraph before this letter reaches you, and will be prepared therefore, for this statement of its magnitude. I cannot describe it with any precision as yet, for it has lasted all day, and extended over a circuit of not less than fifteen miles; and noise of the cannonade, and even of the musketry, moreover, is still in my ears, and none of those engaged in it, except the wounded, have returned to give us any distinct and connected account. But not less than 450,000 men have been engaged in it; and of these not less than 30,000—dead or disabled—lie, on this bright, starry night, upon the bloody field.

The battle commenced at a little before five o'clock in the morning—not far from sunrise. Just back of Castiglione rises a high range of hills which projects a mile or thereabouts into the plain and then breaks off towards the left into a wide expanse of smaller hills, and so into the rolling surface which makes that portion of the plain. The Austrians had taken position upon these hills—planting cannon upon the nearest to Castiglione, where they could approach, as the French army was in full force in and around that little village—and had stationed their immense array all over the surrounding plain.

As nearly as we can now learn the Emperor Francis Joseph had collected here not less than 225,000 troops, and commanded them in person. His evident purpose was to make a stand here and risk the fortunes of the war upon the hazards of the day. Napoleon promptly accepted the challenge, and commenced the attack as soon as it was light this morning by placing cannon upon the hills still nearer to Castiglione than those held by the Austrians, and opening fire upon them on the heights beyond. He took his own stand upon the highest of these, a steep, sharp-backed ridge, which commands a magnificent view of the entire circuit of the plain, and from that point directed the entire movements of his army during the early portion of the day.

The French very soon drove the enemy out of the posts they held nearest to the town, and followed them into the small villages of the plain below. The first of these was Solferino, where they had a sharp and protracted engagement. The Austrians disputed every inch of the ground, and fought here, as they did throughout the day, with the utmost desperation. They were three times driven out of the town before they would stay out. The people of the village, moreover, took part against the French, upon whom they fired from their windows, and the French were compelled in self-defense to burn the town.

When the Austrians found it impossible to hold their ground any longer they fell back, slowly and steadily, until they reached the village of Volta, which, as you will see by the map, lies directly southeast from Castiglione, and is only about a mile from the river Mincio, from which, however, it is separated by a range of hills. Upon these hills, in the rear of the town, and overlooking it completely on the south and southeast sides, the Austrians had planted very formidable batteries; and when I arrived upon the field and went at once to the height where the Emperor had stood at the opening of the engagement, but which he had left an hour before to follow his victorious troops, the batteries were blazing away upon the French who were stationed on the plain below.

I was too far off to observe with any accuracy the successive steps of the action, but I could distinctly see the troops stationed upon the broad plain, and moving up in masses towards the front, where the artillery was posted, as their services were required. But as soon as they reached this point they were speedily enveloped in the smoke of the cannon, and disappeared from observation. But the general result was soon made evident by the slackening of the Austrian fire, and by the falling back of their smoke and a corresponding advance on the part of that which rose from the French artillery. The cannonading at that point lasted for over an hour; but in precisely what direction the Austrians retreated it was not possible, from the position I occupied, to see. Part of the Austrian force probably crossed the Mincio river, which flows southward from the lower end of Lake Garda, and empties into the Po.

But the battle continued to rage all over the region northwest of a line connecting the towns of Castiglione, Solferino, and Volta. At one point after another a sharp cannonading would arise and continue for half or three-quarters of an hour, and after each successive engagement of this kind the result became apparent in the retreat of the Austrians and the advance of the French forces.

During all the early part of the day the sky had been clear and the weather hot. But clouds began to gather at about noon, and at 5 o'clock, while the cannonade was at its height, a tremendous thunderstorm rolled up from the northwest; the wind came first, sweeping from the parched streets an enormous cloud of dust, and was soon followed by a heavy fall of rain, accompanied by vivid lightning and rapid explosions of rattling thunder. The storm lasted for about an hour, and the cannonading, so far as we could distinguish, was suspended. Then the rain ceased, the clouds blew away, the sun shone out again, and the air was cooled and perfectly delightful.

Though the cannon may have ceased for a time to take part in it, the fight had meantime gone on; and when I again resumed my post of observation, from which the storm had expelled me, the cannonading commenced quite on the extreme left of the entire field and on the very borders of the lake, northeast from Castiglione and west of Peschiera. The Piedmontese troops, under the King, who commands them in person, had been posted there and had received the Austrians as they came around. From about 7 o'clock until after nightfall an incessant and most terrible combat was here kept up. The batteries of the two armies were apparently about half a mile apart, and at the outset they were both served with nearly equal and effective vigor; but the Austrians gradually slackened their fire and several times took up new positions, while the Sardinians poured a rapid and uninterrupted shower of balls upon them, suspending only for a few minutes at a time, and then renewing it again with redoubled fury.

The wind had now gone down, the air was still, and the sound of musketry, as well as of the cannon, was distinctly heard. The former was continuous, sharp, and incessant, sounding like the constant and irregular pattering of hail upon a roof, while the latter was occasionally suspended, but while it lasted was overwhelmingly grand and terrible. Over the Sardinian park rose a dense white cloud of smoke, directly upwards, its sides perfectly upright and well defined, and spreading outward both ways at the top like an enormous sheaf of wheat. The sun was making a glorious setting in the west, and as his light gradually departed the vivid flashes at each discharge of the cannon gleamed through the smoke like sharp lightning through the breast of an enormous cloud.—Sometimes only a single flash would be seen, then two or three at once, and sometimes half a dozen would break forth in instant succession.

It was beginning to be dark when I turned to descend the hill, and all the way down I still heard the roar of the cannon and the clattering of the guns of the infantry. But the Austrians were clearly falling back, and could scarcely have failed to sustain a total rout. It is possible they may be in condition to make one more struggle in the morning, but judging from my own observation, it certainly is not probable. They have sustained an overwhelming defeat, and it seems to me not unlikely that the Emperor may now be induced, by the representations of the neutral Powers, to accept the peace which Napoleon will be very likely to tender him.

We had gone but a short distance when we came to where the great procession of the wounded was turning down a cross-street to a church which

had been taken for a hospital. It was certainly the most dreadful sight I ever saw. Every conceivable kind of wound which can be inflicted upon men was here exhibited. All who were able to do so were obliged to walk—the wagons and animals at command being all required for those who could not otherwise be moved. Some walked along, their faces completely covered with blood from sabre cuts upon their heads. Many had their arms shattered, hundreds had their hands tied up, and some carried most ghastly wounds upon their faces. Some had tied up their wounds, and others had stripped away the clothing which had chafed and made them worse. I saw one man walking along with a firm step and a resolute air, naked to his waist, and having a bullet wound upon his side, an ugly gash along his cheek, and a deep bayonet-thrust, received from behind, in his shoulder. Most of those who were walking wore a serious look, conversing but little with one another, though they walked two and two, and few of them carried upon their faces any considerable expression of pain.

Those who were more severely injured rode upon donkeys or in carts, and a few were carried upon mattresses on men's shoulders. But these were mostly officers, and nearly all I saw carried in that way were so badly wounded that their recovery is scarcely possible. One had both his legs crushed by a cannon ball. Another had received a ball in his thigh, and was evidently suffering the most intense agony. Most of those whose wounds were in their legs were seated in chairs swung across a donkey, one being upon each side. Several who were thus carried, and were supported by soldiers walking by their side, were apparently unconscious, and seemed to be dying. Then would come carts, large and small, carrying three, five, and some of them ten or fifteen each. A steady stream of these ghastly victims of the battle of the day poured through the town. I stood in the crowd by the side of them as the sad procession passed along, and watched it at this point for over an hour. It was not interrupted for a moment—except now and then by a crowd of prisoners—and it continued thus from about ten in the morning, when it began to flow, until I left the street, long after dark. Every church, every large hall, every private house in the town has been taken for the service of the wounded. Those whose injuries are slight, after having them dressed pass at once into the ranks and mingle with their comrades. I looked into the churches as I passed by. All the seats, railings, &c., had been removed; mattresses of hay had been spread upon the floor and were completely filled with wounded men, in every stage of suffering and peril, lying side by side. The surgeons were dressing their wounds: Sisters of Charity and other women were giving them wine and other ministrations to their comfort; but morning, I am sure, will dawn upon a large proportion of them relieved forever from their pain. If any thing can be more horrible than a soldier's life, it certainly is a soldier's death.

The town to-night, as might be expected, is simply a camp. The streets, which are narrow, are crammed with artillery and provision wagons trying, almost in vain, to make their way through the town; bivouac fires light up the orchards and fields all around the village; two streams of troops pour out on the two roads leading to the field of battle, extending as far as the eye can reach; sutlers, fruit peddlers, and small dealers of every kind circulate among the soldiers who crowd the streets; an immense train of Piedmontese artillery are brought to a stand in the street while trying to make their way through the town to their place of encampment; and thousands of French infantry, despairing of reaching their tents, have seated themselves upon the narrow sidewalks, and with the house-walls for a back and their bayonets for pillows, they have addressed themselves in that position to the labor of obtaining a night's rest. It is a striking scene most certainly; and the most wonderful part of it is the perfect order and good behavior of the troops. I have not seen during the whole day a single instance of disorder, or of even rudeness in word or deed from any soldier. Not one have I seen in the slightest degree intoxicated; not one have I seen shouting or singing; not a rough or rude remark have I seen or heard addressed to any one; nor have I failed, in a single instance, whenever I have applied to a soldier for information or addressed him on any subject whatever, to receive a courteous reply and the most polite endeavor to aid my wishes. Nor have I heard a single cheer over the victory, or a single syllable of exultation over the prisoners as they come in. The most respectful silence has in every case been preserved. Expressions of sympathy with the wounded were constant, and prompt attention, so far as possible, was always given to their wants. Private property in the town, so far as I can see, has been treated with perfect respect. In selecting fields for the camp, those which will be injured by it least seem uniformly to be chosen. Bakers' shops, and groceries with cheese, bacon, sausages, &c.,

freely exposed, are open; and I have repeatedly seen soldiers bargaining for supplies at their windows. But I have heard of no instance and seen no indication of the slightest interference with private property. Yet there is no great rigor of discipline enforced; for the soldiers seem to be quite at their ease, and wander about town very much at their own discretion.

Just before nightfall a tremendous cannonading was distinctly audible in the direction of Mantua, and it was supposed by one or two French officers that Prince Napoleon was assaulting that fortress as part of the general plan of the days' operations, while the Emperor was engaging the enemy in the open field. But I see no reason to suppose that this is true, as Prince Napoleon could scarcely have reached Mantua by this time, as he was in Florence only a week ago.

I have thus given you a very general outline of this great battle as it came under my own observation. I am afraid to venture upon any conjecture as to the number of killed and wounded in this battle; but from the nature of the case it must be enormous. I am confident that not less than ten thousand wounded have been brought into this village alone during the day, to say nothing of those that were left on the field or taken to other places.

MONTICHIARI—Morning of the 25th. I was obliged to return here this morning, which is four miles on the road to Brescia, in order to get food for man and horse, intending to return again to the battle field in the afternoon. During the two hours I have been here one continuous train of wagons has been passing with the wounded, seeking, wherever they can find, far or near, but always towards home, a resting place to get cured of their wounds. The women and the priests carry them out wine and compresses for their wounds, while the men of the town help soldiers, such as wish to rest awhile on their feet, to descend and remount again into their wagons. If I did not already know the result of the battle I would be ready to suppose, from the enormous number of wounded soldiers at this moment passing my window, that the French army had been literally destroyed. I am quite sure, no matter what the French official report may say, that my preceding estimation of the number of wounded is small.

In and about Castiglione there were 20,000 soldiers in charge of the enormous train of the army, while in the rear of the town there remained a reserve of 20,000 men to support the army in case of disaster. Add to this 10,000 or 15,000 wounded men in Castiglione, and several hundred thousands scattered over the plain in conflict, and dead on the ground, and you have a scene encompassed in a space of eight miles diameter scarcely as this land of battle scenes never saw before. From the high-peaked bluff from which we watched the last hours of the battle all this scene could be taken in and comprehended at one glance. It was a great battle, and surely ought to decide, once for all, the vast superiority of French over Austrian arms.

The Prayer Meeting.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"You will be at the meeting to-night, Marston?" said a man to his friend. They had stopped at the corner of a street, and were about separating.

"O, yes, I wouldn't miss one of these Wednesday night meetings on any account. I enjoy them very much; and gain strength for duty. You will be there?"

"Of course; nothing but a matter of life and death could keep me away."

"Good evening."

"Good evening. Come early, Marston."

And the two men separated. Both had recently joined the church, and both were ardent in their new life, almost to enthusiasm.

On his arrival at home, Marston found that preparations for tea were not in a very encouraging state of advancement; so he said, in a cheerful way, to his wife, who was going about with a baby in her arms.

"You must hurry up things a little, Anna. This is Wednesday night, you know, and I wouldn't fail being at the meeting on any account. Give Maggy to me. There; now your hands free, I ought to have come a little earlier."

The pale, weary-looking wife smiled on her husband, as she handed him the baby, and said pleasantly.

"You shall not be late, dear. I will soon have all ready. My head has ached badly all the afternoon, and this has kept me behind hand."

freely exposed, are open; and I have repeatedly seen soldiers bargaining for supplies at their windows. But I have heard of no instance and seen no indication of the slightest interference with private property. Yet there is no great rigor of discipline enforced; for the soldiers seem to be quite at their ease, and wander about town very much at their own discretion.

Just before nightfall a tremendous cannonading was distinctly audible in the direction of Mantua, and it was supposed by one or two French officers that Prince Napoleon was assaulting that fortress as part of the general plan of the days' operations, while the Emperor was engaging the enemy in the open field. But I see no reason to suppose that this is true, as Prince Napoleon could scarcely have reached Mantua by this time, as he was in Florence only a week ago.

I have thus given you a very general outline of this great battle as it came under my own observation. I am afraid to venture upon any conjecture as to the number of killed and wounded in this battle; but from the nature of the case it must be enormous. I am confident that not less than ten thousand wounded have been brought into this village alone during the day, to say nothing of those that were left on the field or taken to other places.

MONTICHIARI—Morning of the 25th. I was obliged to return here this morning, which is four miles on the road to Brescia, in order to get food for man and horse, intending to return again to the battle field in the afternoon. During the two hours I have been here one continuous train of wagons has been passing with the wounded, seeking, wherever they can find, far or near, but always towards home, a resting place to get cured of their wounds. The women and the priests carry them out wine and compresses for their wounds, while the men of the town help soldiers, such as wish to rest awhile on their feet, to descend and remount again into their wagons. If I did not already know the result of the battle I would be ready to suppose, from the enormous number of wounded soldiers at this moment passing my window, that the French army had been literally destroyed. I am quite sure, no matter what the French official report may say, that my preceding estimation of the number of wounded is small.

In and about Castiglione there were 20,000 soldiers in charge of the enormous train of the army, while in the rear of the town there remained a reserve of 20,000 men to support the army in case of disaster. Add to this 10,000 or 15,000 wounded men in Castiglione, and several hundred thousands scattered over the plain in conflict, and dead on the ground, and you have a scene encompassed in a space of eight miles diameter scarcely as this land of battle scenes never saw before. From the high-peaked bluff from which we watched the last hours of the battle all this scene could be taken in and comprehended at one glance. It was a great battle, and surely ought to decide, once for all, the vast superiority of French over Austrian arms.

The Prayer Meeting.
BY T. S. ARTHUR.
"You will be at the meeting to-night, Marston?" said a man to his friend. They had stopped at the corner of a street, and were about separating.
"O, yes, I wouldn't miss one of these Wednesday night meetings on any account. I enjoy them very much; and gain strength for duty. You will be there?"
"Of course; nothing but a matter of life and death could keep me away."
"Good evening."
"Good evening. Come early, Marston."

And the two men separated. Both had recently joined the church, and both were ardent in their new life, almost to enthusiasm.
On his arrival at home, Marston found that preparations for tea were not in a very encouraging state of advancement; so he said, in a cheerful way, to his wife, who was going about with a baby in her arms.

"You must hurry up things a little, Anna. This is Wednesday night, you know, and I wouldn't fail being at the meeting on any account. Give Maggy to me. There; now your hands free, I ought to have come a little earlier."

The pale, weary-looking wife smiled on her husband, as she handed him the baby, and said pleasantly.

"You shall not be late, dear. I will soon have all ready. My head has ached badly all the afternoon, and this has kept me behind hand."

The baby, who had not yet completed her first year.

In a shorter time than the husband had expected, his wife's pleasant voice called him to supper. He gave her the baby as he entered the little dining-room, and she sat down with it in her arms to put out the tea.

"Does your head ache still?" inquired Marston.

"Badly; but I think a cup of tea will do me good."

"I hope so, indeed. Give baby back to me. I can hold her." And the husband reached out his hands for little Maggy; who, pleased to return, almost leaped into his arms.

"You must take her back, mother," said Marston, rising from the table, in about ten minutes, and reaching the baby to his wife.

"It is late, and I must be away, or the prayer meeting will open before I get there."

But Maggy, who was very fond of her father, did not wish to leave him; and so struggled after her mother had received her, and cried to be taken back.

"Papa must go, darling." Marston bent down, and tried to soothe the grieving little one. As he did so, Maggy got her arms around his neck, and held on tightly. It took quite an effort to remove them.

As Marston shut the door of his dwelling behind him, and commenced walking rapidly away in the direction of the church at which the prayer meeting was to be held, he was conscious of an unpleasant pressure upon his feelings. What did this mean? He began at once searching about in his mind for the cause. At first, he could see nothing clearly; but gradually thought went back to the home he had just left, and to his pale, weary-looking wife and children, grieving because he had left them.

"Is this right?" The question came suddenly upon him, and almost arrested his steps.

"I am sorry to leave them alone to-night," he said within himself; "and I wouldn't, except for the prayer meeting. I gain so much strength and comfort in this means of grace, that I feel as if it would be wrong to neglect it."

And so he walked on, but with slower steps, his thoughts still returning to his home, and imagination giving more and more vivid pictures of his wife and children in grief for his absence. At last he stood still.

"I need the blessing I had hoped to receive this evening. The strength, the comfort, the peace," he said, still talking with himself. "But, poor Anna! it is hard for her to be left alone. And she isn't at all well."

"I will go back." He spoke out resolutely at last; and commenced retracing his steps. "I must not consider myself alone. Perhaps God will give the strength and comfort I need, even if I do not meet to-night with his people."

"Oh, James, is it you?" Mrs. Marston started at the unexpected appearance of her husband, who saw, as she looked up, that her eyes were wet.—"Have you forgotten anything?"

"What is it? Can I get it for you?"

"I forgot to stay at home with my wife and children," Tears gushed over his wife's face.

"And I've come back to remain with them."

Mrs. Marston leaned her aching head upon her husband's shoulder, and sobbed. This unexpected circumstance quite broke down the little self-composure that remained.

"Lonely, sad, and discouraged," she answered. "But you are good and kind; and I am weak and foolish. Go back, James, to the prayer meeting. I shall feel better now."

"No, darling," said Marston. "I will stay at home to help and comfort my lonely, sad, and discouraged wife; and I think I shall be serving God in this, with a truer spirit of worship, than I could possibly feel in any prayer-meeting that I went to at the sacrifice of a clear home duty."

"How does your head feel now, Anna?" was asked half an hour later, as they sat together, Mrs. Marston with her needle in her hand, and her husband holding both of the happy children in his arms.

"It is free from pain, and I feel so much better. I think your unexpected return has cured me. Ain't I a foolish woman, James? But, after you have been absent all day long, I can't bear to have you go out in the evening. I love to hear you read to me; and you don't know how much good it does me."

Mr. Marston smiled back upon his wife a loving smile. New thoughts were awakened in his mind.

"There are other souls to be cared for as well as my own," he said, a little while after, as he sat musing on the occurrences of the evening. "The souls of my wife and children. How can I help them on the way to Heaven? By going out to religious meetings, or by staying at home with them? Ah! my duty is clear. I must do right before I can be right. If I endeavor to water the souls of others, God will

water my own soul. He has placed these precious ones in my care, and I must be faithful to the high mission. To think right is the first step towards doing right. While his wife sat at her work, Mr. Marston put his little boy to bed; first talking to him about heaven, and its pure inhabitants, and then hearing him say his prayers. "God bless you, my son," he said, in his heart, as he laid on his lips the good-night kiss.

Another new thing in the household of Mr. Marston occurred that evening. As his wife sewed, he read to her, first from religious books and then from the Bible. When bed time drew near, he said, in a serious, but gentle voice, "There are home prayer meetings, as well as church prayer meetings; and God has said, 'Where ever two or three are gathered together in my name, I will be in the midst of them.' Shall we not of us have a prayer meeting? There are two of us here, and God has said that even with two he will be present."

"I am not strong enough for duty, James. Every day I feel that human strength is but weakness. Pray with me, and for me, that divine strength will be given."

Mrs. Marston spoke with glistening eye.

Then they knelt down together and opened a prayer meeting in their home, and Marston gathered in the act more strength and comfort than could possibly have been found at the public meeting, had he gone there in violation of his home duties, and sung and prayed never so fervently; for right actions, from religious principles, alone bear us heavenwards.

Home Magazine.

Discovery of Golden Images, Gods, &c., in Indian Tombs.

Much excitement has been occasioned at Panama and on the Isthmus by the accidental opening of Indian graves in the Chiriqui district, and the discovery of large quantities of golden images, gods, &c. As there are supposed to be many thousands of these graves, equally wealthy, many hundreds of persons had gone thither, and already many thousands of dollars worth had been taken out and sent to Panama.

The Panama Star publishes a letter from the grave diggers, stating that over a thousand persons are working in the district of Boqueron at the places called Manudo and Bugalita in opening the "huacos" (Indian graves) there, and it is calculated that at least nine arrobas, (235 lb.) of fine gold of the best lei and tambaga have been extracted.

Another letter in the same paper says: "I saw \$10,000 worth in the hands of one man alone, and there are others who have still more. There are millions of these graves all over the country in this province, and also throughout Central America, enough to employ thousands of men for many years. It is only three weeks since the diggings commenced, and the amount of wrought gold discovered is enormous. The letter goes on to say that agriculture is quite deserted, and that provisions, liquors, clothing and tools would find a good market.

The Star says: "We saw yesterday (July 13th) some twenty pounds of gold images, idols, &c., recently taken from an Indian 'huaco,' (burying place.)" (Bar David, in this State, and brought here for sale. It is reported that the company engaged in this speculation have taken \$80,000 worth from this same 'huaco.' Among the lot we saw some curious wrought-aligators, similar to those found in the Indian burying places in Peru and Mexico. No doubt large quantities of manufactured gold lies buried all through North and South America in these Indian huacos. In all the wars between different tribes, no enemy was ever guilty of disturbing the resting places of the dead."

The War Balloons.

Between the armistice and peace, the French established a regular system of balloons, under the direction of Godard. On the 4th of July, the balloon of Mon. Godard was seen over Peschiera, much to the amusement of the gay soldiers of France. At 6 o'clock, the aerial reconnaissance was over, and the balloon having safely descended in the vicinity of Castel Nuova, Godard and two officers of the French staff, who were his companions, hastened to report that about 70 oxen had been collected by the Austrians at the Dogana of Peschiera. A party of Zouaves was soon dispatched in that direction, and a few hours after the captured herd made its appearance in the French camp. The oxen were not kept, as the owners went to the Emperor and told him that the animals had been stolen from his father by a marauding party of Hussars. His Majesty soon ordered the herd to be restored to the proprietors, who went back to the village blessing the name of the generous monarch. Victor Emanuel did the same thing at Monzambano.

A Father with Three dozen Children.

At Markheidenfeldt, a village situated on the river Main, Bavaria, there lives a man sixty years of age, named Johannes Schottenbeck. He is master chimney sweep, a vocation more honorable in Germany than in this country, and for half a century has given personal attention to his business. He is now living with his third wife, and on the 16th of June last, his thirty-sixth child was christened at the parish church. By his first consort he had seven; by his second, eleven; and by his third, eighteen children of whom half are girls and half boys. A few families so prolific would supply a nation with all the soldiery required for its defence, and laborers to perform its necessary agriculture and manufacturing.

Iredell Express.

EUGENE F. DRAKE & SON,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

STATESVILLE,
Friday, August 12, 1859.

Persons desiring to receive this paper, can do so on our terms, by taking the Post Master's Receipt, to exhibit, in case the money get lost. Gold dollars, when paid, should be stuck to the inside of the sheet with sealing wax or a wad. Postage stamps taken as notice.

W. A. Jurney, Esq.,

is our duly authorized agent for Iredell county, to receive subscriptions for the Express, and sign receipts in the names of the subscribers. He will also attend to making collections for our office generally.

The Election.

The voice of the people has been heard along the seashore, over the mountains, and upon the mountain heights of the glorious, good old North State. And wherever that voice has been uttered after a thorough and spirited canvass of the merits and demerits of the "powers that be"—wherever it has spoken to the people gathered upon the bared altars springing from the deep wounds inflicted by unprincipled public servants upon the body politic—wherever it has answered the question of "change or no change" of the sentiments of which the last Congress was constituted—its thunder tones were uncompromisingly for change and for reform. There was no parlying with the enemies of the people—no armistice agreed to, by which the guilty might evade the penalty of a decided expression of popular indignation and reprobation; of the wrongs done to the masses in consequence of the criminal abuse of their confidence by those in whom it was reposed. Democrats, Americans, Whigs, all came manfully to the rescue—united in one common brotherhood, inspired by one grand and ennobling sentiment, actuated by the single patriotic desire to arrest the progress of the despotism and save the country from inevitable ruin. They fought bravely, hand to hand—nobly, heart to heart—determined, as only freemen know how to fight—patriotically, with the fire of the love of country burning in souls incapable of a feeling narrow, and small, and mean enough to have any reference to self. So they battled, and their victory is a complete, a noble, a glorious one. The grand trophy of the combat is a gigantic step towards the re-establishment of the ancient and pure policy of the Federal Government—the settlement of the question as to whether Representatives are masters of the public, or public servants—whether the National Treasury is the property of the Nation, or a fund for the indulgence of the cupidity, debauchery, dissipation, and crime of corrupt officials—and whether the outlays of the Government are to exceed by scores of millions its income.

The Sixth District, especially, has done well even beyond the expectations of General Leach's most confident friends. For never had a man so contented against the influence of so many monstrous falsehoods, so many disgraceful slanders of vile and venomous editors, paid by Government patronage and partisan subscriptions to perform the scoundrel duties imposed upon them, as had the General to encounter. The Legislative Journals were misquoted, and votes ascribed to him which were cast by others; the advocacy of measures charged upon him which he had strenuously opposed and been the means of defeating; hundreds of thousands of dollars of appropriations laid at his door, which he had manfully battled against; certificates over the signatures of villains, bought with corruption money sent from Washington City, asserting him guilty of the most petty meannesses, printed and circulated far and wide; hiring harangues and villifying circulars made to follow after him over portions of the District to poison the popular mind against him; barrels of whiskey purchased and rolled into the midst of public gatherings of the people, to gratify the depraved appetites of the Rebluched; and buy the votes of the corrupt by bribing and brutalizing them; and a hundred other unworthy and disgraceful means resorted to for the purpose of unfairly defeating his election. A parallel to the relentless partisan ferocity with which he was pursued by this hiring knave pack of hire-loving professional traducers, would be difficult to find even in the horrible history of Jesuitism, when the hiding victim had been "marked" and set apart as a "walking corpse."

But the game was carried too far to accomplish the purposes for which it was designed. It was carried beyond the latitude of plausible villainy. The people knew Gen. Leach—had known him in private life and in the public service for years—and had thoroughly tested his integrity in both of these capacities, and found him ever honest and faithful to their interests. They, therefore, came to his rescue, in many instances without respect to

party, and most completely have vindicated and sustained him.

We cordially extend the right hand of fellowship to the many magnanimous Democrats of the District who gave to Gen. Leach their suffrages. They indeed acted most wisely and patriotically in the premises, and well deserve the gratitude of their fellow-citizens. To the gallant Whigs of the entire District we tender our warmest thanks for their manly exertions, and our congratulations at the gratifying result their action has brought about.

To what degree the characterless beings who heaped such unmeasured abuse upon Gen. Leach must feel chastened and mortified, it is impossible for honorable men to determine. We presume, however, that their consciences do not give them much uneasiness. Persons of their description are not apt to be troubled with very acute moral sensibilities; and, after their treatment of our Representative elect, we should not be surprised to learn that they had mutilated the dead body of a relative with a jack-knife, if their presumptive interests suggested to them the necessity of such an anatomical operation.

We feel no disposition to "crow" over the evil fortunes of vanquished opponents, nor will we do so when those opponents are as good and true, though mistaken, men as the mass of the Democratic party of the Sixth District. We could not, however, permit so appropriate an occasion as the present one to pass by, without expressing our estimate of the moral worthlessness and supreme meanness of many of their self-constituted leaders. And we entertain not the slightest doubt that the opinion of them announced above, will meet with the unqualified concurrence of hundreds of well-informed voters of both the Democratic and Whig parties.

Gen. S. H. Walkup.

Although Gen. Walkup was not elected in the place of B. Craige, who notoriously misrepresented that people, (for had the canvass been conducted without mishaps in the commencement, Craige would have been defeated.) the Opposition in the State owe a debt of gratitude to Gen. Walkup for running as he did in the face of untoward circumstances, which has, if nothing more, proved the Whig strength in the Seventh District.

We believe that not only in the Seventh, but in several other of the Districts, with timely organization, and a candidate with energy to lead, the Opposition would send seven out of the eight members to Congress. We hope this will be a warning in future, for the Whigs to rouse up and take the field with energy and a determination that, inasmuch as their cause is just, they will triumph whenever an election comes before the people.

The result of the polls in the four districts where Opposition members have been elected, shows what can be accomplished when the people take hold of the thing in the right way. In those Districts the battle of Locofocoism has been overthrown by the voice of the people, amounting to a complete revolution. Staples, Shaw, Williams, and Coleman have been rebuked, and corruption, which is the offshoot of modern Democracy, spurned by heavy majorities—much as to say, "stand behind me, Satan!"

The masses are honest, but Locofoco politicians are corrupt, and so the people have decided.

Slender Kept Up.

We regret to see the attempt to slander Messrs. Leach, Vance, Gilmer, and Smith persevered in by Locofoco journals, and the people by their votes have so signally rebuked the vile calumniators. The effort shows a baseness of heart, and a puerility of design, equalled only by the degradation which small souls and paucity of intellect will arrive at in satisfying a thirst for revenge when thwarted in accomplishing unholy desires. Do the cravens not know it were as well that a mill-stone were secured to their necks, and they cast into the nearest goose pond—where they ought to go—as to reiterate their insane slanders?

Murder Confessed.

On the 16th of January, 1857, a man named Haney, and his wife, who sold liquor to slaves clandestinely, on the edge of Salisbury, were both murdered one night, by some unknown person with an axe, in a most barbarous manner. All investigation to discover the murderer at the time proved unavailing, and the bloody tragedy was almost forgotten. It is reported that a negro man, belonging to William Tiddy of Charlotte, recently confessed the deed on his death-bed.

Money Wanted.

We hope that persons who are indebted to the Express office for subscriptions, job work and advertising, will make it convenient to drop in and settle their little dues during court week, as we are needing funds to conduct our business and to meet our own obligations. We presume it is only necessary to make our wants known to have them attended to in a manner that will please the printer and enable him to supply a better paper.

Pine Rain.

This section is being blessed with fine rains at this time, materially benefitting the corn and other growing crops, and flattening the hopes of the farmer with clouds of plenty, and to spare.

A boiler exploded in the South Carolina Railroad, near Blenheim, a few days ago, killing five gentlemen, engineers, engineers, &c. The explosion was terrific, and threw fragments of the locomotive a great distance.

We are indebted to the politeness of a friend for a copy of an address delivered by Frank L. Wilson, Esq., before the Literary Society of Mr. Horner's school, Oxford, N. C. We have perused it with much pleasure.

New Advertisements.

Valuable Land and Mills for sale, by S. B. Ellis, on South Ydixia river, in Alexander county. This is, no doubt, unusually desirable property.

Opinion of Mr. Daniel Shies of the Montgomery Baltimore-made Pan Mill. See certificate, in connection with advertisement.

Thanks.

We tender thanks to several friends in various portions of the State, for sending us early returns of the elections.

Ydixia contemporary of the Wadesboro' Argus will permit us to offer a hint in way of advice, we would suggest that he pay no attention, in future, to the pitiful poltroon of the Salisbury Banner, who disgraces the Editorial Profession by his connexion with the press. He has previously known as much as we do now, he has received no notice at our hands heretofore. The cowardly thing has been unaccountably bold already; and having been thus forced to migrate from Lincolnton to the South, he has taken refuge at Salisbury, and, still having the courage to even admit that he has fled, he tries to compensate for his deficiency by keeping up a perpetual wail of senseless howling. Let the thing pass, friend Fenton, unless it should become necessary to "boot it" out of the way of passing the streets. It merits nothing from gentlemen but contempt, which it already very generally receives. When one knows he has such a character to deal with—we mean a creature that has first been pelted on, then contemptuously tossed from, the face of a man's boot—it is not likely, as he is not expected, to treat it with much deference or continue to cultivate its acquaintance. For our own part, we prefer associating and communicating with gentlemen.

Pen and Scissors.

Mr. Wilson Potts, a native of Iredell county, walked out upon the piazza of the second story of the business house of Messrs. Love & Rogers, of Webster, N. C., on the night of the 21st June, and, imagining that he was upon the first floor, stepped off and was taken up apparently dead. Medical aid was immediately called, but so great was the injury, that Mr. Potts expired on the Sunday morning following. He has left a wife and seven children to lament their loss.

Gen. Robt. Taylor, of Athens, Ga., while attempting to get on a steed at Madison, when the horse was in motion, had both his legs broken—one of which was subsequently amputated—and it is feared he cannot survive the accident. He has since died.

A Miss Morris, residing in Marshall county, Va., was outraged and brutally murdered, by a band of the name of Hortick, as is supposed, a week or so ago. The Wheeling Intelligence says: "The supposition is that Horton overtook her where she had taken down upon a log to rest, as the handkerchief which contained some apples was found lying on it. That her person had been outraged before she was murdered was also evident. The murder was committed by the side of the public road, from which her body was dragged some twenty or thirty yards by the feet to a small run, in which it was found. The murder was committed by heavy blows of a stone or club about the head and breast. The side of her head was broken and one eye knocked out, besides indications of a number of severe blows upon different parts of her person. Horton is still at large."

A recent assessment shows the number of hogs in Kentucky to be 815,538, an increase of 176,241 over the number of last year.

The Pope has issued a decree making Boston the head quarters of the Catholic church in this country, and the Archbishop of that diocese henceforth takes precedence of all others.

A violent tornado destroyed, recently, eight spans of the railroad bridge at Decatur, Ala.

On Saturday last, says the Asheville News, after an animated contest, the subscription of \$100,000 to the French Broad Railroad was voted by the people of Henderson county, by a handsome majority. It is also stated that Madison county will vote \$50,000.

A Baptist clergyman, name as yet unknown from Christian county, Ky., recently started on his way for Equality, Illinois, but soon returned in great agitation, saying that he had been waylaid. He begged lodgings for the night, but his manner being singular, Mrs. McCool with whom he had taken board, went to his room. He accused her of attempting to rob him. He subsequently two citizens, believing him to be insane, endeavored to watch him through a window. He shot one of them, Mr. McCaleb, of Equality, fatally, and immediately after firing at Mr. Prewitt, blew out his own brains.

Dr. James J. Irby, of Hamilton county, Ga., was killed on Tuesday last, by a stroke of lightning as he was getting out of his buggy to enter his office.

We learn from the Wilmington Herald that Henry Brambert, of that place, was manfully stabbed, one night last week, by two young men of the name of Alex. Wiggs and Mitchell Kemp, who got into a quarrel with him at a house of ill-name. It is supposed that Brambert can not live. The criminals are in jail.

A water melon weighing 63 pounds was presented, recently, to the editorial fraternity of Augusta by their friends of the quill in Savannah.

The Wadesboro' Argus says a special dispatch to the Charleston Courier from New Orleans says that Minister Lamar is on his way home from Central America; that the Case-Herran treaty has been laid over for one year; that Mons. Bely has secured the Transit Route for six years until the Isthmus Canal is finished; and that Senator Martinez intends calling an extra session of the Nicaragua Congress for their approval of the grant of the Transit Route to Mons. Bely, and also to take effect in relation to the treaty with the United States, and the ultimatum of Minister Lamar.

One Hundred Guns for Old Iredell!

Latest News by the Steamer Victory—Bloody Battle in the Sixth Congressional District—General Leach Victorious—Several Thousand Wounded and Several more Taken Prisoners—Ensign Alaphug Still Alive—Fighting and Prayer in the ranks of Democracy—Grand Expedition to the Head of Salt River!

The steamer Victory arrived at Statesville on the 5th instant, bringing items of the latest intelligence. There had been a bloody battle in the Sixth Congressional District on the 4th. Gen. Leach has stormed the Gibraltar of Democracy and taken captive the mighty of the land. Several thousands have

been slain and an untold number dreadfully wounded. Ensign John Jacobus Josephus Alaphug, alias the Wonderful, who fought so unconsciously in the ranks of the vanquished, was seriously wounded while vainly endeavoring to hoist the same old hat which Mr. Leach threw up at Yadkinville two years ago on beating Mr. Puryear. Fighting and prayer, so long unknown to Democracy, has been recommended in the ranks of the "great national conservatives." And in order to give Mr. Leach a fair chance of testing his favorite theme in the canvass, to-wit: his *Utah mission*, Salt Lake City, a grand expedition to the head of Salt River is now progressing, where the funeral obsequies of the "Entertained" will be performed, and the funeral sermon preached by the Rev. Alaphug from the celebrated page of J. C. Allen's Report headed "Public Expenditures"—immediately after which the singing of the *Benevo Bill* will be commenced, to be sung to the tune of 1000 majority and conducted by Messrs. Leach, Coleman, Shaw, and Williams, after which the meditation will be pronounced by Mr. Waddell. The Winston Sentinel will be read during the proceedings by the committee of the whole. The heterogeneous mass will then adjourn sine die, *ad hoc*, *semipermanente*, and wait for "whatever the good Lord may send them."

STATE ELECTIONS.

North Carolina Congressional Election.

An election for eight Congressmen came off in this State the 4th instant. The Opposition have elected by handsome majorities Messrs. Leach, in the Sixth; Gilmer, in the Fifth; Vance, in the Eighth; and Smith, in the First District. Walpole, Opposition, was beaten by Craige, locofoco, in the Seventh district by a reduced majority. In the other districts Winslow, Branch, and Ruffin have been elected, without opposition on the part of the Whigs. A gain of two members of Congress, and a large gain in the popular vote.

We hope to be able to give full returns of the vote in the Counties where the Opposition had candidates, in our next.

Official Vote of Iredell County.

	1859.	1857.
Leach	466	102
Stokes	308	115
Willmington	152	92
Liberty Hill	222	90
Mr. Moore	22	4
Holland's	28	18
Staples	65	9
Watts	90	25
Mills	58	45
	1383	472
Leach's maj.	1111	Purveyor's maj. 716

Congressional Election—1857 and 1859.

SIXTH DISTRICT.				
	1857.		1859.	
Counties.	Stokes.	Purpure.	Leach.	Stokes.
Stokes, . . .	768	453	000	000
Forsyth, . . .	1942	877	955	1061
Rockingham, . . .	1401	382	609	000
Davieson, . . .	767	1067	1470	703
Davie, . . .	398	548	681	579
Yadkin, . . .	668	842	000	000
Surry, . . .	923	520	003	924
Iredell, . . .	393	1109	1583	472
Alexander, . . .	417	401	000	000
Ashe, . . .	492	771	000	000
	7679	6350	0000	0000
	6250			
	729			

Western Elections.

Kentucky.—The returns are not full, but the telegraph reports that Mr. Magoffin, D., is elected Governor, and that the Legislature is Democratic by a small majority. To Congress, 8 Democrats and 2 Opposition are elected. No change in any respect.

Alabama.—The Democrats have elected the Governor, a majority of the Legislature and all the Congressmen. No change.

Tennessee.—Mr. Netherland, Whig candidate for Governor, has made very large gains, so far as heard from, and it is hoped that he is elected. So far as heard from Democrat and four Whigs are elected to Congress—two of the Whigs gains.

Texas.—Sam. Houston, Independent, is far ahead of Gov. Burnell, the present incumbent and Democratic nominee, so far as heard from.

"Buchanan will not be a Candidate."

This is the heading of an article which we see going the rounds in Locofoco newspapers, which seems to afford rejoicing—"Buchanan will not be a candidate." Why will not "Buchanan be a candidate?" Why not Buchanan, as soon as any Locofoco? He is just as proper to be a candidate for re-election, as any of his tribe with their politics. Might not even Buchanan be preferable, if he could be elected, to another who, judging the future by the past, would excel him in corruption, as Buchanan has surpassed his predecessors in inequity and unfaithfulness to the country—to every thing but party!

Now, Buchanan, like Gen. Pierce, having become too well known to impose upon and deceive the people any longer, will not be taken up as the candidate of the *Imposition* party in 1860, but he will be cast aside as a piece of useless trumpery, and some other available humbug substituted in the Charleston convention—with a platform which will promise all things, and fail in all things, but "saving the party!"

Partisanship of Modern Democracy.

Mr. Benjamin H. Hill, a prominent Democrat who resides at Lagrange, Ga., expresses his views in the following manner to a Democratic friend in Alabama, who had addressed him a letter upon the politics of the day: "For several years this party has made itself clamorous throughout the South, during every canvass, with its professions of devotion to the interests of this section of the Union. It has vaunted itself as the only reliable party for the South, and everybody who refused to act with it, has been denounced as untrue and the ally of Abolitionism. But what are the facts of history?"

In the first place every Abolition leader for the Presidency from 1840 to now, has been taken from the Democratic party. And what is yet more significant, every such leader, when he chose to return, has been received back into the Democratic party, without any repentance, and without the retraction of a single word of his *Abolition* career! Mr. Van Buren went back openly declaring that under the *Kansas Democracy* Freedom could best accomplish its mission, and with this strong declaration on his lips, and printed and published, he and his soft associates were received into the Democratic fold!

Again, we have heard much of the Wilkerson, Squatter Sovereignty, Unfriendly Territory legislation, and non-protection to slave property, &c.; but will the people of the South learn the significant fact, that each of these measures had its father in the Democratic party? Yet this is not only so, but the most vigorous and powerful of these fathers, are at this very moment the leaders of the Democratic party, and aspiring to the highest honors in the Nation!

Free-soil leaders, and Free-soil principles, then received their strength from, their birth, and now find their home, in the Democratic party!

But this is not all nor the worst. The party as an organization, through its leaders, has been guilty of more acts of treachery and bad faith to the South than all other parties. In 1850 that party urged us to elect Mr. Buchanan as our only hope. The people—Southern people—elected him. Now who of them dare support him—how many of them abuse him? And yet the foundation of all his wrongs, has been in administering the Government to keep up his party! In 1857 we were told the only way to secure the rights of the South was to elect a Democrat. The Democratic President was elected. The people did so. What is the result? The English Bill! That degradation of legislation, and abomination of hypocrisy! It was devised, perfected, and made a law by the Democracy; and the Southern leaders then, and the bill was passed, and the people were a sacrifice of Southern rights! They who did those Southern guardians pass it? The honest people hear the reason—will they ponder it as honest men and not as partisans? Democrats themselves have given us the reason. They say it was necessary to pass the Bill in order to save the Democratic party. They say that the party that was elected to save the South, was elected to save the party! During the canvass the cry was, elect and save the South! After the election and the work was done, the cry was, we sacrificed the South to save us! And now, (can even guiltily it self credit it?) this same party calling on the people to elect and save the South, is now ever wrong so mean, or iniquitous so barefaced?

The great evil of the Democratic party is, that it gives a responsibility to wrong, to the South, which it could acquire from no other source. If the Republican party had passed the English Bill, what would our Southern Governors have done? If Wm. H. Seward was the father of Territorial Sovereignty, and non-protection to slave property, how many Southern men and newspapers would be recommending him for the Presidency? If John P. Hale had come to New Orleans and made the speech for Union and free trade legislation, that Stephen A. Douglas made, what other committee than one of rat and feathers would have complimented him? The masses in 1856 and 1857, were deceived in voting for the Democracy; they trusted the promises of the leaders, but if those same party is again to be elected, after the reception is made manifest, how can even honest Democrats expect the Charleston Convention to fear Southern resentment for any platform they may adopt, or nomination they may make? Will they not conclude there is no wrong to which the South would not submit, provided Democracy inflicted it?

The fact is becoming more evident every day we live, that no man is fit to be trusted with power in the South, who has not the courage and the strength to break the fetters of party, and especially of Democratic party, simply because the fetters of their party are more delicate and stronger than all others combined.

End of the Italian War.

The Baltimore Sun speculates upon the close of the Italian war as follows:

"Following the unexpected armistice announced last week, we have in quick succession this declaration of peace between the allied Austria, the crown Prince Victor Emmanuel, the Emperor of the French and the Emperor of Austria at Villa Franca, was declared on the 8th, and only three days after, on the 11th, comes the treaty of peace. This has its measure of importance and significance. As the act of peace is not to be applicable to the civilized world, grateful to philanthropy, to humanity everywhere. It ends the frightful carnage which has stained the history of Europe in the last two months, and proclaims to the nations a result. But it is a result, the character of which the future only can determine, as to the important question whether it is a consummation or a new beginning, that have been made for its attainment. The object of Louis Napoleon has doubtless been achieved. That was understood from the first to be, the extension of the Sardinian kingdom, his own power and glory, and the "honor of France." The latter is inevitably identified with the Napoleonic dynasty, according to the Napoleonic view of the world.

That Louis Napoleon will receive and take due credit for forbearance and moderation in demanding, apparently, nothing for France, is certain. But while winning for Sardinia, few can doubt that he has won for himself, and what the future of Lombardy shall be, Louis Napoleon, not least, will be determined, will dictate. The reservation of Venice in the hands of Austria is a salvo for the despotic honor of Francis Joseph, and will be held tenaciously as the present hope of a future reinstatement of Austrian power in Italy, some day when France shall have enough to do to take care of herself. Despotism can wait, and is always on the alert.

The honorary presidency of the Pope in Italy has an indefinite meaning; but none can fail to perceive that the position is but a nominal one on his part, and that French and Sardinian laymen will necessarily take the place of the Austrians.

The whole result is but a change of masters, and time will prove how much the people have gained by it. Socially, we believe, the condition of the people will be improved; but politically, we suspect, they will realize no real liberty under the Emperor Napoleon, the King of Sardinia, or the honorary presidency of the Pope.

Politically, and geographically it may be said the campaign that it has destroyed the power of Austria in Italy, and has abrogated by the sword, the chief articles of the treaty of Vienna. Lombardy, the country between the Ticino, the Po and the Adriatic, are now no longer to be accounted as they were in the 9th and 10th sections of that celebrated treaty, "Ancient Austrian possessions." Parma and Modena are separated from her direct territorial influence, and the rights of succession established in Austria are practically abrogated by this change of boundary; and although it is probable that we are to understand by the words "the Emperor of Austria concedes his rights in Lombardy" to mean in Lombardy proper, and not in Venetian Lombardy, yet this limitation would give to the King of Sardinia the delegations of Bergamo, Brescia, Como, Cremona, Lodi, Milan, Pavia and Sondrio, and part of Mantua, with 8,338 square miles of territory and about 2,500,000 population, even though Austria may retain rights of sovereignty over the delegations of Padua, Rovigo, Vicenza, the city of Mantua, Verona, Venice, Treviso, Friuli and Del-luno, with 9,525 square miles of territory and about 2,100,000 population. But it would seem that this right of sovereignty is to be so exercised as to leave the Venetian dependencies an integral state, and that as such it is to form a part of the Italian confederacy, over which the Pope is to preside.

All this presents the nominal result of a campaign in which the real liberty of the people, the earnest longings of a great people, are disposed of as dust in the balance. Garibaldi has fought, as he was told to do, on behalf of the people, and he has been taken from the contest, not simply to free Italy from Austria, but to establish her independence. Kosuth was there to agitate Hungary in behalf of freedom. But Garibaldi and Kosuth, now now fall as winged moths before the radiant standard of the Emperor who lords it thro' the persons of the Sardinian King and the Pope, over all the vast territory thus reached from the bayonets and dominion of Austria. Literally, nothing has been won for the people, and we should have no surprise to find

the enthusiasm with which Napoleon and Victor Emmanuel were received, subsiding in utter disappointment.

Much has been accomplished, however, towards defining a basis for a new and better organized despotism. In the new dispensation, the influence of France will extend row with fresh and extraordinary power and effect throughout that important section of Europe thus placed, ostensibly, in more legitimate bonds, an apparently self-imposed subjugation to Sardinia through France. Thus France, ruling all the Sardinian kingdom, and in fact all Italy; Austria, holding with sturdier grasp her iron rule over her newly circumscribed dominions; with Russia, ambitious, unscrupulous and in the common league, a despotism of unparalleled strength will be consolidated in Europe. And against such a combination of interests and power England will in a few years be able to offer no resistance; in relation to it she will have nothing in common; while its pitiless influence may prove so depressing in its effect as to challenge all her energy and resources to resist it.

We give several extracts from the leading press in England upon the declaration and conditions of peace between the allies and Austria. Different views are entertained and expressed with regard to the subject, and well they may be, for the complications which proved perplexing in the outbreak and progress of the war seem to have resolved themselves into general confusion in the management of peace.

The N. Y. Sun does not think the terms of the treaty will satisfy the Italians. It says: "It does not give them the liberty which they hoped for, and consequently will not extinguish the revolutionary element. Mazzini will not rest until he has won his right in distrustful Louis Napoleon as champion of Italian liberty, and new troubles will spring from the popular dissatisfaction. Perhaps all rejoice that the war is ended, but we doubt if Frenchmen will consider all the advantages gained worth the blood and treasure which they cost."

John Mitchell Repudiates Cass and Vindicates the Know Nothings.

John Mitchell, the Irish editor of the Democratic Southern Citizen, published at Washington City, in its issue of the 23rd July, has an article from which we make the following extract:

Escaped Subjects.—Naturalized Abominations.—It gives us no pleasure, God knows, to harp on this matter of naturalization. It is no great triumph for us to be compelled to acknowledge that the Know Nothings were right all the time, and to retract whatever we may have hitherto said against that philosophical body of men. Our language in dealing with the American party (that title can no longer be denied them) has been sometimes harsh and bitter—we take it back; and must digest it as best we may at leisure.

Nothing can be plainer than if a foreign immigrant, notwithstanding his "naturalization," continues to owe his "bona fide" allegiance, or military service, or civil service, duty or obligation to any sovereign, he is not fit to be an American citizen, ought not to be entrusted with a vote; still less with office; and cannot become, even in fourteen years, or twenty-one years, a full and true American. We request the American party then—the only national and consistent Americans we are aware of—to accept our respectful apologies.

We publish these paragraphs without comment. We offer them to the consideration of those naturalized citizens who have heretofore been as abusive of Know Nothings as John Mitchell himself. Let them read it out carefully, and when they remember the duplicity, hypocrisy and treachery of the Democratic party, who are willing to use but not protect one of them, we feel well assured that they will be prepared to adopt the language of the distinguished Irish exile.

It Won't Answer.

A number of Democratic papers throughout the country are supporting the knavish notion that their National Convention at Charleston shall adopt no platform, but simply declare itself in favor of the Constitution of the United States. Such a dodge as that won't win, artful as it may be. The Democratic party has a record, and it is one that all the waters of Lethe cannot bury in oblivion. Its living monuments are a country distracted and menaced by a national debt of one hundred millions of dollars; corruption in many parts of the Federal Government; and a long catalogue of attempted and accomplished outrages upon the Constitution, sectional and individual rights. No platform! What would a platform weigh against this load of extravagance, perfidy and wrong? We want no better platform to assuage than the acts of the party in power, and we shall be well content to take the judgment of the country upon those acts and let the verdict of the people be based alone upon the merits of the party in power.—*Columbian Enquirer.*

A negro being asked if his master was a Christian replied, "No, sir—his member of Congress."

Death to All Vermin!

It is truly wonderful with what certainty rats, roaches, mice, fleas, and other vermin, are destroyed by the use of Dr. J. C. COVER'S "Rat, Roach, &c. Exterminator." This medicine is sold in bottles of various sizes, and is sold by all druggists and grocers. It is a powerful and reliable remedy for all vermin, and is sold in bottles of various sizes, and is sold by all druggists and grocers. It is a powerful and reliable remedy for all vermin, and is sold in bottles of various sizes, and is sold by all druggists and grocers.

For Agents, send for Circular, Terms, &c.

For Agents, send for Circular, Terms, &c.

For Agents, send for Circular, Terms, &c.

For Agents, send for Circular, Terms, &c.

For Agents, send for Circular, Terms, &c.

For Agents, send for Circular, Terms, &c.

For Agents, send for Circular, Terms, &c.

For Agents, send for Circular, Terms, &c.

For Agents, send for Circular, Terms, &c.

For Agents, send for Circular, Terms, &c.

For Agents, send for Circular, Terms, &c.

For Agents, send for Circular, Terms, &c.

For Agents, send for Circular, Terms, &c.

For Agents, send for Circular, Terms, &c.

For Agents, send for Circular, Terms, &c.

For Agents, send for Circular, Terms, &c.

For Agents, send for Circular, Terms, &c.

For Agents, send for Circular, Terms, &c.

For Agents, send for Circular, Terms, &c.

For Agents, send for Circular, Terms, &c.

For Agents, send for Circular, Terms, &c.

For Agents, send for Circular, Terms, &c.

For Agents, send for Circular, Terms, &c.

For Agents, send for Circular, Terms, &c.

For Agents, send for Circular, Terms, &c.

For Agents, send for Circular, Terms, &c.

For Agents, send for Circular, Terms, &c.

For Agents, send for Circular, Terms, &c.

For Agents, send for Circular, Terms, &c.

For Agents, send for Circular, Terms, &c.

For Agents, send for Circular, Terms, &c.

For Agents, send for Circular, Terms, &c.

For Agents, send for Circular, Terms, &c.

For Agents, send for Circular, Terms, &c.

For Agents, send for Circular, Terms, &c.

For Agents, send for Circular, Terms, &c.

For Agents, send for Circular, Terms, &c.

For Agents, send for Circular, Terms, &c.

For Agents, send for Circular, Terms, &c.

For Agents, send for Circular, Terms, &c.

Markets

Statesville Market—Aug. 11, 1859.	
[CORRECTED WEEKLY BY J. F. ALEXANDER & CO.]	
Bacon 012 @012	Feathers 035 @040
Beef 043 @043	Flour 000 @000
Butter 015 @015	Flaxseed 100 @100
Coffee 014 @016	Green 006 @006
Candles 020 @020	Lard 000 @012
Ham 020 @020	Lard 000 @012
Adams 030 @035	Molasses 040 @065
Corn 080 @080	Nails 006 @007
Chickens 010 @010	Peas 085 @100
Dried Apples 060 @060	Rags 002 @002
Dried Peaches 060 @060	Salt 025 @060
Peas 085 @100	Sugar 010 @012
Unpeeled 060 @060	Loaf 016 @018
Eggs doz 008 @008	Tallow 010 @012
	Wheat 090 @100

Fayetteville Market—Aug. 8, 1859.	
Alum 060 @060	Iron 000 @000
Bacon 010 @014	Steel 000 @000
Bagging 000 @000	Coal 000 @000
Gunny 018 @020	Do wide 007 @007
Dumplings 018 @020	Amer. 005 @006
Beeswax 020 @025	Eng. 004 @004
Coffee 014 @016	Lard 013 @014
Ham 020 @020	Lead 008 @008
Adams 030 @035	Molasses 040 @065
Corn 080 @080	Nails 006 @007
Chickens 010 @010	Peas 085 @100
Dried Apples 060 @060	Rags 002 @002
Dried Peaches 060 @060	Salt 025 @060
Peas 085 @100	Sugar 010 @012
Unpeeled 060 @060	Loaf 016 @018
Eggs doz 008 @008	Tallow 010 @012
	Wheat 090 @100

Salisbury Market—Aug. 9, 1859.	
Alum 060 @060	Iron 000 @000
Bacon 010 @014	Steel 000 @000
Bagging 000 @000	Coal 000 @000
Gunny 018 @020	Do wide 007 @007
Dumplings 018 @020	Amer. 005 @006
Beeswax 020 @025	Eng. 004 @004
Coffee 014 @016	Lard 013 @014
Ham 020 @020	Lead 008 @008
Adams 030 @035	Molasses 040 @065
Corn 080 @080	Nails 006 @007
Chickens 010 @010	Peas 085 @100
Dried Apples 060 @060	Rags 002 @002
Dried Peaches 060 @060	Salt 025 @060
Peas 085 @100	Sugar 010 @012
Unpeeled 060 @060	Loaf 016 @018
Eggs doz 008 @008	Tallow 010 @012
	Wheat 090 @100

Charlotte Market—Aug. 9, 1859.	
Bacon 012 @012	Rye 080 @080
Sides 011 @011	Peas 070 @075
Beeswax 020 @025	White 100 @100
Butter 018 @020	Meal 680 @680
Candles 020 @020	Hides 012 @013
Adams 030 @035	Dry 012 @013
Corn 080 @080	Green 005 @006
Chickens 010 @010	Iron 000 @000
Dried Apples 060 @060	Comm. 004 @005
Dried Peaches 060 @060	Rolls 005 @005
Peas 085 @100	Lard 013 @014
Unpeeled 060 @060	Molasses 040 @065
Eggs doz 008 @008	Nails 006 @007
	Peas 085 @100
	Rags 002 @002
	Salt 025 @060
	Sugar 010 @012
	Loaf 016 @018
	Tallow 010 @012
	Wheat 090 @100

For Agents, send for Circular, Terms, &c.

For Agents, send for Circular, Terms, &c.

For Agents, send for Circular, Terms, &c.

For Agents, send for Circular, Terms, &c.

For Agents, send for Circular, Terms, &c.

For Agents, send for Circular, Terms, &c.

For Agents, send for Circular, Terms, &c.

For Agents, send for Circular, Terms, &c.

For Agents, send for Circular, Terms, &c.

For Agents, send for Circular, Terms, &c.

For Agents, send for Circular, Terms, &c.

For Agents, send for Circular, Terms, &c.

For Agents, send for Circular, Terms, &c.

For Agents, send for Circular, Terms, &c.

For Agents, send for Circular, Terms, &c.

For Agents, send for Circular, Terms, &c.

For Agents, send for Circular, Terms, &c.

For Agents, send for Circular, Terms, &c.

For Agents, send for Circular, Terms, &c.

For Agents, send for Circular, Terms, &c.

For Agents, send for Circular, Terms, &c.

For Agents, send for Circular, Terms, &c.

For Agents, send for Circular, Terms, &c.

For Agents, send for Circular, Terms, &c.

For Agents, send for Circular, Terms, &c.

For Agents, send for Circular, Terms, &c.

For Agents, send for Circular, Terms, &c.

For Agents, send for Circular, Terms, &c.

For Agents, send for Circular, Terms, &c.

For Agents, send for Circular, Terms, &c.

For Agents, send for Circular, Terms, &c.

For Agents, send for Circular, Terms, &c.

For Agents, send for Circular, Terms, &c.

For Agents, send for Circular, Terms, &c.

For Agents, send for Circular, Terms, &c.

For Agents, send for Circular, Terms, &c.

For Agents, send for Circular, Terms, &c.

For Agents, send for Circular, Terms, &c.

For Agents, send for Circular, Terms, &c.

For Agents, send for Circular, Terms, &c.

Engle's Mammoth

PHOTOGRAPHIC "TENT."
IS NOW LOCATED IN STATESVILLE, near the Simonton House, for a short time only. This is the best arranged establishment in the United States for taking PHOTOGRAPHS, AMBROTYPES, and every style of Pictures known in the art. It has a large SKY-LIGHT, with Apparatus of the most approved kind, which enables him to take Pictures in all climates, and in all weather. The public are particularly invited to call and examine his

Large Collection of Specimens.
Persons having DIM PICTURES can have them retaken, in good style, for half price. Particular attention paid to taking Photographic Views of every description. Come one, come all, and see for yourselves. July 29, 34-4

July 29, 34-4

July 29, 34-4

July 29, 34-4

July 29, 34-4

July 29, 34-4

July 29, 34-4

July 29, 34-4

July 29, 34-4

July 29, 34-4

July 29, 34-4

July 29, 34-4

July 29, 34-4

July 29, 34-4

July 29, 34-4

July 29, 34-4

July 29, 34-4

July 29, 34-4

July 29, 34-4

July 29, 34-4

July 29, 34-4

July 29, 34-4

July 29, 34-4

July 29, 34-4

July 29, 34-4

July 29, 34-4

July 29, 34-4

July 29, 34-4

July 29, 34-4

July 29, 34-4

July 29, 34-4

July 29, 34-4

July 29, 34-4

July 29, 34-4

July 29, 34-4

July 29, 34-4

July 29, 34-4

July 29, 34-4

July 29, 34-4

July 29, 34-4

July 29, 34-4

July 29, 34-4

July 29, 34-4

July 29, 34-4

July 29, 34-4

July 29, 34-4

July 29, 34-4

July 29, 34-4

July 29, 34-4

July 29, 34-4

July 29, 34-4

July 29, 34-4

July 29, 34-4

July 29, 34-4

July 29, 34-4

July 29, 34-4

July 29, 34-4

July 29, 34-4

July 29, 34-4

July 29, 34-4

July 29, 34-4

July 29, 34-4

July 29, 34-4

July 29, 34-4

July 29, 34-4

July 29, 34-4

July 29, 34-4

July 29, 34-4

July 29, 34-4

July 29, 34-4

July 29, 34-4

July 29, 34-4

July 29, 34-4

July 29, 34-4

July 29, 34-4

July 29, 34-4

July 29, 34-4

PROTECTION! PROTECTION!

THE UNDERSIGNED HAVING BEEN appointed Agent for the Atlantic Mutual Fire and Marine INSURANCE COMPANY, at Carolina City, will receive applications for Insurance and make surveys, in accordance with the terms of said company. Risks taken upon the Mutual or Special principle, at the option of the insured. E. E. DRAKE, Agent. Statesville, July 29, 1859.

July 29, 1859

July 29, 1859

July 29, 1859

July 29, 1859

July 29, 1859

July 29, 1859

July 29, 1859

July 29, 1859

July 29, 1859

July 29, 1859

July 29, 1859

July 29, 1859

July 29, 1859

July 29, 1859

July 29, 1859

July 29, 1859

July 29, 1859

July 29, 1859

July 29, 1859

July 29, 1859

July 29, 1859

July 29, 1859

July 29, 1859

July 29, 1859

July 29, 1859

July 29, 1859

July 29, 1859

July 29, 1859

July 29, 1859

July 29, 1859

July 29, 1859

July 29, 1859

July 29, 1859

July 29, 1859

July 29, 185

